

The Main Reason by **zaaaackkk**

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Summary: A Prequel for Jay Asher's book Thirteen Reasons Why

The Main Reason

As I sit here, I now wonder what my life is anymore. What do I even have to live for? Nothing. That's the answer. I get called hurtful things every day now, no one even cares.

Sometimes I think people just forgot my name, and now they just substitute words like "slut." But why? Those people don't even know me. They don't know my story, people just make up rumors and pass them out like candy on Halloween.

Would they notice if I was gone? Would they notice if I just wasn't on the planet anymore? Probably not. I bet my own family wouldn't even notice, or yet, care. I'm just their chaotic daughter, the screw-up of the town, Hannah Baker.

I think. I think for days. As the days pass, I ditch the hell on earth I call school. My grades drop, but I don't even seem to care anymore. All of my cares are gone, as well as most of my emotions. One just stays, anger.

Why did all of those people do such cruel things to me? Why did they have the right to make rumors and say such rude things about me? But the question I should be asking myself is really, how can I get back at them? Should I just make them feel terrible, or actually give them a taste of their own medicine? I'll make them feel just as they made me feel, miserable.

My emotions are back, some of them have all swarmed in at once, sadness, anger, depression. I start to take these pills, these oh, so, wonderful little pills that make me happy. This happiness only lasts for about a month or so, then it's back to anger and depression, the thought of suicide comes to my mind, and so does revenge.

Some say revenge is evil, but others say it is sweet. I'd like to say that revenge is a little bit of both. I start to plot, my revenge, and my death.

How does one choose how their death will be? I guess this is just strange to me... But which would be painless? Is it strange that I am

planning my own death? As a child, I never thought I would do this... I bet no one would ever think of me doing such an act, not even myself.

Now, for the revenge part, I have decided to do something devious, like recordings. I will record myself on tape, for all to hear. But what do I say? Do I just describe people on the tapes? Or make them part of why I am ending my life?

I'll guide them around town, one by one, and list them as a reason. I start to make maps, 13, exactly. I pinpoint the locations of which I was at, and the important places where the person falls into the story. At school tomorrow I will slip them into lockers. I'll put one map into Justin Foley's locker, one into Alex Standall's, one into Jessica Davis's, one into Tyler Down's, one into Courtney Crimson's, one into Marcus Cooley's, one in Zach Dempsey's, one into Ryan Shaver's, one in Clay Jensen's, another for Justin Foley, one into Jenny Kurtz's, one in Bryce Walker's, and finally, I'll put one inside Mr. Porter's desk.

And I think I will just list them in that order, sort of chronologically, or the ways I found out.

When the tapes are made, which only takes one time for me, I listen to them over and over. I sound so different, so, unlike myself. Why am I doing this? No, Hannah, don't think, just do.

As I sit in my brightly colored room, which now seems very dull, I don't think. I lay my head down and start to let tears stream down my face. I don't even think while I cry. What I am crying about is unknown to me, I rarely ever cry, but now I cannot control myself. I grasp the bottle of pain pills in my hand so hard that the lid breaks open.

Anger fuels inside me, along with some adrenaline. I throw the cap of pills at the wall and pour all of them out on my counter. Without thinking, they mysteriously end up in my mouth. The pills are gone now, I don't remember where they went.

I got someone to watch, someone who doesn't care if I do such an act, they're watching to see if the tapes make it to the end, and if they don't, I have copied them so that if they don't get passed around they

will air publically. The tapes are mailed and everything is taken care of. Now I have nothing to do, but just wait for my last moments.

I start to feel sleepy, I make my way over to my bed, but time seems like it is going so slow. I finally make it to my bed and lay my head down after what seems like an hour. I reach for the remote to turn on the stereo.

While I hum along to the music, my vision starts to blur. I feel sick, but I hold everything back. I want to go through with this. I, Hannah Baker, am committing suicide. My hearing starts to fade out and everything is pitch black, I feel asleep, but awake. I start to feel my legs go numb, and then my arms. My head starts to hum and I start to shut down, then I whisper a soft "goodbye."